

Of the four sister valleys which form the Leamery of Craven - the upper valleys of the Aire, the Ribbles, & the Wharfe - Wharfedale is by far the loveliest. It is the most secluded, too, for the railway ends at Skelley, above which, you no longer come upon the inevitable mill chimneys of the West-riding, & the air is uncontaminated & delicious as in any highland straths. The river comes with a hasty course from the high peat-moors, brown, bright & bonny; every village in the valley has its taints of disaster wrought by the Wharfe when in flood. The pleasant villages - Burnsall being the loveliest village of the dale - are scattered two or three miles apart, each with laithes (cow-houses) in the village street, for the rearing of Craven cattle is the peat-occupation of the Craven folk. There is hardly a patch of corn to be seen in the upper valley; but the meadows are exquisite. The hay harvest is the event of the year in the dale.

Upper Wharfedale is lovely throughout, & Bolton Woods is - 'the same only more so.' Here is, certainly, a softer loveliness, because the Wharfe, swift & straight until now, here winds excessively. Every loop of the river winds round a green tree. Shaded meadows on either side of the meads, are the thickly wooded slopes of the high fells.

On a far smaller scale than Fountains, not picturesque in ruin as Kirkstall, Bolton Abbey is distinguished amongst the northern houses only for beauty of situation. The shell of the church is nearly entire - & much so, indeed, for picturesque effect. It shows two distinct styles, the twelfth century work of the original builders, who appear to have finished the Choir before their migration from Ambay in 1156; & the 14th century work, a 'restoration' apparently. The final effort was the 16th Century Perpendicular tower which is rather a disight to the west front. The nave is still used as the parish church, but the conventual buildings

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buildings have been quite destroyed.
The interest of the graveyard centres in the charming legend of the 'White Doe of Rylstone': the story runs, that after the dissolution, a white doe was wont to appear every Sunday in the Abbey Churchyard amongst the worshippers; there she would remain during the service, & would go away with the rest, bethinking herself to Arncliffe, in a glen near the source of the Wharfe. "This incident awakens the fancy," says Dr. Whitaker; & certainly it did, for the passage in the History of Chaucer inspired Wordsworth with his exquisite poem of 'The White Doe of Rylstone'. He weaves in with the above legend the fortunes of the Protons of Norton Craggs of Rylstone; but follows the fine ballad of 'The Rising of the North,' rather than historical fact - when he says "The, Norton, & mine eight good sons
They doom'd to die:" -

The story of the rebellion of 1569 is, briefly, as follows: the suggestion of a marriage between Mary Stuart & the Duke of Norfolk led to a general rising in the North, where the great lords were Catholics, & anxious to restore the old religion, & in the eastern counties in support of Norfolk. Nearly all the great Yorkshire families were concerned in this rising, & notably, the Nortons of Norton Craggs, old Richard Norton having taken an active part more than thirty years before in the Pilgrimage of Grace. Norfolk shortly fell into the hands of the Government, but the Northern lords were not to be put down, & assembled their forces at Kirby: thence, to Durham, where Richard Norton with eighty followers marched into the Quinets, bearing the old banner of the former rising - the Cross & the five wounds, & restored the service of the Mass. Then followed a progress to Darlington, to Ripon, to Thirsk, to Tadcaster. But, shortly, news of the advance of the Queen's army caused the insurgents to disperse with little resistance. Punishment followed as pitiless as that which overtaken the former insurgents: Northumberland was beheaded in the Pavement of York.

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from others of the leaders suffered death; & of the common people, from 600 to 700 were seized on a given night, & hanged in the various towns through which the insurgents had passed. But Roston this night good ears did not suffer. They lost their property & the family was ruined, but only one of the sons was put to death. The 'White Doe of Rylston' is a precious illustration of Yorkshire, for the exquisite word-pictures of Wharfedale scenes, because the story is of an important event in Yorkshire history. & because Yorkshire may well be proud to have given occasions such delicious melody as occurs in many of the lines.

Bolton Abbey was a collegiate Church served by twelve Canons, some fifteen or eighteen of whom lived here right royally, served by about 200 dependants, on an income of ^{£10,000} ~~£10,000~~ a year from money.

In the year 1120, William de Meschines & his wife founded a Priory for Canons Regular on the bare moors of Embsay, which continued there for about 33 years when it was translated to Bolton. How this exchange came about, we learn from the romantic legend of the 'Boy of Greymond' as told by Wordsworth. The demesnes of Bolton were held by the lady Alixide de Cromwell, & William Fitz Duncan, her husband. They had one surviving son, the 'Boy of Greymond', who, in leaping the ditch, was drawn back by the dog he held in leash, fell into the Wharfe, & was killed. The monks of Embsay counselled the bereaved mother, for her comfort, to erect a fair Abbey in Bolton Woods, endow it with the boy's lands & burn the legend which Wordsworth's beautiful ballad has made familiar, but against it stands the fact that this Boy of Greymond himself signed the deed warranting the transfer of the lands of Bolton to the Canons of Embsay. The 'Strid', the scene of Wordsworth's poem, is a romantic gorge about half a mile above the Abbey. Higher still, in a brow in the heart of the woods, is

ruined tower. This is Barden Tower, where the ²⁶ ~~Thorp~~ ^{Thorp} ²⁴ ⁴⁰ ⁶³ ⁴ ²⁶ ²⁰
Lord of Shipton dwelt by choice, though it was a poor
place compared with the great castles he owned elsewhere.
His father was John, Lord Clifford, the 'Butcher' of the battle
of Wakefield, who fell on the eve of Towton. On
the ascendancy of the Yorkists, his family were in danger
& danger of their lives, this eldest son & heir was
only preserved by twenty-four years of shepherd life
spent, first, ^{the} on the Yorkist moors, then on those of
Cumberland - such a disguise serving him better
than the most secret hiding place. The romantic
circumstances of this pleasant life, & the joyful
restoration of the 'Shepherd Lord' after the battle
of Bosworth are described by Woodworth in his
'Song of the Feast of Brighthelm Castle'. Scott, too,
has something to say of "the lusty Clifford," who
led the men of Wharfedale to the battle of Flodden.
Friendship with the monks of Bolton who shared
his delight in certain studies is supposed to
have been the cause of the Lord Kenning's preference
for Barden Tower as an abode. He spent much
time in the restoration of his various castles
which had been laid waste during the Wars of the
Roses. Again, in the Civil War, the castles of the
Cliffords were laid waste, & this time (about 1650) they
were restored, as many an inscription testifies
by Anne, Countess of Pembroke, a most wise
valiant & noble lady. The fortress of the Cliffords
in the pleasant market town of Shipton ~~was~~ is
amongst those now restored.

Lower down the river is Ilkley, a delightful health
resort seated on the edge of Kumbold's Moor. The present
importance of Ilkley rests upon its hydropathic establish-
ments, Banchdydding, Ilkley Wells House, &c., &c. The
bright little town is interesting to the antiquary for many
reasons; Roman remains are found here, the remains
of a Roman camp are to be traced. These evidently ^{came} ^{from}
Saxons

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down the valley is Harwood, with its ruined
Castle, dismantled, probably, during the Civil War,
the present Harwood House, on the site of
Gawthorpe Hall, which was ^{occupied} ~~tenanted~~ by at least
two interesting families, the Gascoignes, of whom
was that Judge Gascoigne who committed Prince Henry
afterwards Henry V., & off later, by the Kentworths!
here the great Wharfedale both refuge occasionally, veiled
out with "Thorough", & other schemes for carrying on
an impossible government. "Lord!" he writes, "with
that quietness in myself could I live here!"
The present Harwood House has some ^{valuable} ~~interesting~~
collections, & amongst the very interesting monuments
in Harwood Church are those of Sir William (Judge)
Gascoigne & his wife.

Boston Spa, a pleasant little watering place, with saline
springs; & Thorpe Arch, where the river is picturesque
slowly, with limestone cliffs, as in its upper
course, as the last point in Wharfedale we have
space to notice.

Airedale

Airedale the valley of the Calder, lovely valleys
both, have become the seats of the great manufacturing
of Yorkshire - that of wool lams. In no part of England
do the manufacturing towns lie more thickly
than in these valleys. Within a circuit of eleven
miles from Bradford, a ~~million~~ population of a
million are gathered in the thickly clustered
towns & hamlets - as dense a population as is met
to be met with elsewhere in England, excepting
in London & about Manchester. Yet, through the
beautiful valleys rivers are black with refuse from
the mills, & through trees & grass an smoke begins
here

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These lovely valleys are not altogether spoiled. From almost any manufacturing town in the district, a railway journey of five minutes brings the work people to wood or glen or breezy moor; & perhaps, one reason why the Yorkshire mill 'hands' are, on the whole, cheery & healthy folk, is that they do crowd the Saturday trains. A favorite excursion is to Bell Busk, the nearest station to ^{two} of the great shows of Yorkshire - the magnificent rock scenery of Malham Cove, & with the air issuing from its cave, & of Gordale Scar, but we have already spoken of these, & cannot linger over the picturesque aspects of Airedale: we must consider it rather as the seat of the great industry of the West-riding.

Wool, as every one knows, is a sort of hair, but with this difference, that each fibre of wool curls, not with large loose curls such as we see in hair, but with a fine curl or wave: also, each curly fibre has jagged edges, being encased with scales, so minute that it is impossible to see them with the naked eye or to feel them, but yet; large enough to catch in one another. The natural curl of the wool fibres causes them to keep the twist they put in the spinning, while by their jagged edges, they hold fast to one another. Thus, what is called the nap of broad cloth is obtained by so pummeling the cloth that each fibre becomes locked by its jagged edges to other fibres: & again, yarn is strong and elastic & does not break at the joints because the countless fibres that form it lock together by means of their scales & are not quite easily pulled apart. All wools do not possess these serviceable properties in the same degree; some are short, fine, curly, & thickly covered with scales; other sorts are long, & bright & smooth, because the surface of each fibre is

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broken by only a few of these scales.
 There was a time when, according to Muller, "all the nations
 of the world were kept warm by English wools"; but
 to-day, a visit to the Salford mills, for instance,
 reveals the fact that wools for the various Yorkshire
 manufactures are brought from all quarters of
 the globe. Here, in the immense warehouses, are
 to be seen loose, odd, looking bales from India,
 packed in India-matting; neat little square
 ballots of Alpaca from Peru; workmanlike bales
 from Germany; clumsy packages of mohair
 from the mohair part of Syria; much finer
 wool from South Africa; endless bales of
 the beautiful Botany wool from Australia;
 wools from Australia, wools from Egypt.

Admitted into a factory, we are taken first
 to see the sorting, which is usually carried on in
 the top story of the mill because the sorter wants
 a strong light from the roof for his work. The
 sorter stands at a board, breast high, before a
 window, upon which a fleece is spread; & with
 wonderful quickness of eye & hand, he sorts
 the hairs into, sometimes, a dozen different
 qualities.

The next process is simple enough. The wool is
 thrown into a large trough, filled with hot water
 & soap, & worked about with iron rakes until it
 is clean. Then, a "porcupine," a roller set with
 hooked teeth, draws it out of the water. It is
 dried by being spread over a wire grating beneath
 which large fans create a draught of hot air.
 Then, a plucker, set with crooked teeth, pulls
 the knots from the tangled apron of wool
 which it is fed; then two or three preparing
 machines

machines make the broad apron of wool into a loose roll no bigger than a child's wrist, called a sliver.

Next, the sliver goes into a combing machine, a wonderful machine, capable of a dozen distinct actions. To understand the difficulty of combing a tuft of wool, we must remember that it is unlike the combing of one's own hair in this - that the hair is attached at one end, whereas, the wool is free at both; therefore, the combing machine must hold fast one end of the tuft, & at the same time, comb out the loose end. Then, the combed end must be held, & the longest end combed. When the tuft is combed at both ends it must be laid so as to overlap the last tuft. The comb must be cleaned with a knife. The dirt & refuse must be emptied into a receiving can; & a new tuft of tangled wool must be seized ready for the combing. All these actions, & more, are performed, quite as thought, by a single machine; & the result is, a lovely milk-white roll of combed wool pouring out into the can waiting to receive it.

The object of this 'combing & brushing' - for men use brushes as well as combs attached to the machine - is to produce the same effect that Combing & brushing ^{produce} upon the hair. When it enters the combing machine, the wool is tangled, matted, & not quite clean; when it comes out, all the fibres of the wool lie side by side, straight & smooth & free from dust. Before the invention of this wonderful & beautiful machine, wool-combing was done by hand, & the work of the wool-comber was tedious, dirty, & done under degrading conditions. Nothing, or

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Saxon crosses are preserved in the churchyard; - Elkeley
appears even to have been a British city, the Alieana
which Ptolemy names amongst the cities of the Brigantes.
Between Elkeley & Otley there is a fine reach of the Wharfe
valley, verdant, well wooded, with the broad full river
flowing through it, there are two or three interesting
houses. Otley, a pleasant market town, has even
Fairfax monuments in its interesting church. Otley
Chevin overlooks the town. Roston Spa, a pleasant
little watering place with saline springs. & Thorp Arch,
where the river is picturesque, with limestone cliffs, are
the last points in Wharfedale we have space to notice.

the contrary, can be cleaner, neater, & more ²⁰expeditious ~~rapid~~ than the work of this machine.

But combing is not the only process by which the curling fibres of wool may be reduced to order. Carding is considered to answer better than combing for the finest kinds of wool. The fibres of which are very short & closely curled. The carding room is an immense room, with, perhaps, a hundred feet Carding machines, standing in pairs, and to end, with a passage between them. A card is an iron roller, set all over with steel wires, shorter & closer together than the hairs of a clothes brush. There are a large card, & a number of smaller card in a machine. The wool enters the maw of the machine & is drawn through the prickles of one card after another, until, after the last carding, every fibre lies straight & even.

The soft cloud of wool that leaves the machine after the carding is pressed together & rolled & drawn upon machine after another, until it becomes a sort of soft cord about the thickness of a candle-wick. It is then wound upon spindles & is ready for the spinning frame. The sliver of wool goes through fully a dozen frames, however, before it is ready for spinning; & as each frame presses several slivers into one, & draws out that one until it is thinner than any of the slivers of which it is formed, the wool is doubled many times while passing through these frames. Indeed, it is considered, that about a quarter of a million doubling takes place before the wool is spun; each doubling helps to stretch & arrange the short fibres, & to scatter their ends, that two should not